NO. 51

PEP COMICS

DEC. 10¢

Starring ARCHIE ANDREWS!

SHIELD G-MAN CLUB

BULLETIN NO. 29

HIYA, GANG:

Here's a real sockeroo of an idea that was submitted by one of you Shield G Man members, and Dusty and I like it so much that we're going to put it into operation right now. We're going to give all you members of the Shield G Man Club a chance to show what kind of detectives you are, and reward you for your brains at the same time. But win or lose, you'll all have a lot of fun with this game. Here is a tricky little mystery that Dusty and I had to solve. We did. Can you?

Dusty and I walked into Tom Jenks' apartment. Jenks was stretched out on the floor. Dead. A bullet hole, round and clean in his right temple. Not a mark on his placid face that looked as though it were in a peaceful sleep. There was a note on his desk, typed out. It was a suicide note. In Jenks' lapel pocket, there was a fountain pen. And on his right wrist, a wrist watch, smashed. The homicide squad, headed by Captain Timmons, was already gathered there. "Well, Shield, what do you make of it?" Dusty and I looked at each other knowingly. It was plain that we both agreed as to what had happened. I spoke for both of us.

"Captain! Jenks did not commit suicide. *He was murdered!*"

Now, you Junior G Man detectives, can you see what Dusty and I saw? How did we know it was murder almost as soon as we looked at the corpse? Pick out the right solution from among the following:

1) Jenks wouldn't have typed out the note if he had a fountain pen in his pocket.

2) The wrist watch on his right hand showed that he was left handed, and he therefore would have used his *left hand* to shoot himself in the *left temple.*

3) The fact that his face was calm and unmarked shows that he was taken by surprise and never knew what happened!

4) If he had killed himself, there would have been powder burns from the pistol on his temple.

5) It was suicide, not murder.

Now to those who send in the right solution, we will send a large, suitable for framing certificate promoting you to the rank of *special investigator* in our Shield G Man Club, and your names will be printed on this page announcing your promotions. The proper solution will be given in the next Shield G Man Bulletin.

This contest is open *only to members of the Shield G Man Club, or those sending in for membership along with their answers.*

Get going, pals, and good luck.

Sincerely
Joe Higgins

USE THIS ENTIRE COUPON!!

JUST PRINT PLAINLY ON THIS COUPON, YOUR NAME, ADDRESS, AGE AND SEND IT TO ME WITH 10c TO COVER COST OF MAILING AND HANDLING.

Joe Higgins
Room 603
241 Church St.
New York City

Dear Joe:
Please enroll me as a member of the **SHIELD G-MAN CLUB.** I am enclosing this coupon together with Ten Cents to cover the costs of handling and mailing my Badge and Identification Card.

NAME.....

ADDRESS..... AGE.....

CUT ON THIS LINE

EXACT COPY OF BADGE
IN THREE COLORS
RED—WHITE—BLUE

DECEMBER, 1944. Volume 1, Number 51. PEP COMICS is published quarterly, March, June, September and December, by M. L. J. Magazines, 420 DeSoto Avenue, St. Louis, 7, Mo. Editorial office: 241 Church Street, New York, 13, N. Y. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at St. Louis, Mo. Registered U. S. Patent Office. Copyright, 1944, by M. L. J. Magazines. Yearly subscription, 40c in U. S. A.; single copies 10c. No actual person is named or delineated in this fiction magazine. Printed in the U. S. A. For advertising rates write DOUBLE ACTION COMIC GROUP, 241 Church Street, New York, 13, N. Y.

HOW JOE'S BODY BROUGHT HIM FAME INSTEAD OF SHAME

HEY! QUIT KICKING THAT SAND IN OUR FACES!
THAT MAN IS THE WORST NUISANCE ON THE BEACH
LISTEN HERE, I'D SMASH YOUR FACE ONLY YOU'RE SO SKINNY YOU MIGHT DRY UP AND BLOW AWAY
THE BIG BULLY! I'LL GET EVEN SOME DAY
OH DON'T LET IT BOTHER YOU, LITTLE BOY!
DARN IT! I'M SICK AND TIRED OF BEING A SCARECROW! CHARLES ATLAS SAYS HE CAN GIVE ME A REAL BODY. ALL RIGHT! I'LL GAMBLE A STAMP AND GET HIS FREE BOOK!
BOY! IT DIDN'T TAKE ATLAS LONG TO DO THIS FOR ME! WHAT MUSCLES! THAT BULLY WON'T SHOVE ME AROUND AGAIN!
LATER
WHAT! YOU HERE AGAIN? HERE'S SOMETHING I OWE YOU!
OH, JOE! YOU ARE A REAL MAN AFTER ALL!
HERO OF THE BEACH
GOSH! WHAT A BUILD
HE'S ALREADY FAMOUS FOR IT!

Charles Atlas

— actual photo of the man who holds the title, "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

I Can Make YOU a New Man, Too, in Only 15 Minutes a Day!

If YOU, like Joe, have a body that others can "push around"—if you're ashamed to strip for sports or a swim—then give me just 15 minutes a day! I'll PROVE you can have a body you'll be proud of, packed with red-blooded vitality! *"Dynamic Tension"* That's the secret! That's how I changed myself from a spindle-shanked, scrawny weakling to winner of the title, "World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

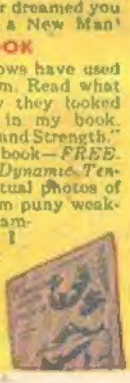
"Dynamic Tension" Does It!

Using *"Dynamic Tension"* only 15 minutes a day, in the privacy of your own room, you quickly begin to put on muscle, increase your chest measurements, broaden your back, fill out your arms and legs. Before you know it, this easy, NATURAL method will make you a finer specimen of REAL MANHOOD than you ever dreamed you could be! You'll be a New Man!

FREE BOOK

Thousands of fellows have used my marvelous system. Read what they say — see how they looked before and after — in my book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

Send NOW for this book—*FREE*. It tells all about *"Dynamic Tension,"* shows you actual photos of men I've turned from puny weaklings into Atlas Champions. It tells how I can do the same for YOU. Don't put it off! Address me personally: Charles Atlas, Dept. 259-M 115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N.Y.



CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 259-M
115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.

I want the proof that your system of *"Dynamic Tension"* will help make a New Man of me — give me a healthy, husky body and big muscular development. Send me your free book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

Name.....
(Please print or write plainly)

Address.....

City..... State.....

☐ Check here if under 16 for Booklet A

THE ORIGINAL
SHIELD
AND
DUSTY
the BOY DETECTIVE
IN
ORPHANS
OF
DEATH

ONE DAY AS JOE HIGGINS OF THE FBI WAITS FOR A BUS--
WOULD YOU MIND HOLDING MY BABY FOR A MOMENT SO THAT I MAY BE ABLE TO GET MY FARE?
WHY NO! I'D BE GLAD TO!
YOU'VE GOT A REAL CUTE BABY HERE, LADY!
SOMETIMES I WISH I HAD A - HEY! NOW WHERE DID SHE GO TO?
SIR?
GOOD HEAVENS MAN, THAT'S NO WAY TO HOLD YOUR BABY!
MY BABY! ARE YOU KIDDING? THIS ISN'T MY CHILD LADY! YOU SEE --
DENYING YOUR OWN CHILD! YOU OUGHT TO BE ASHAMED OF YOURSELF!
GULP! I'D BETTER GET OUT OF HERE!
-BUT IT'S A CINCH THAT I CAN'T TRAVEL HOME BY BUS! I ONLY HOPE I CAN GET A CAB!

MEANWHILE, LET'S TURN TO DUSTY-
LA DE DUM♪♪ I'D BETTER PICK OUT THE RECORDS I WANT FOR TOMORROW'S JIVE PARTY!
♪ MAIRZY-DOTES 'N DOEZ-E-DOTES ♪♪ 'N- OH, OH! THERE GOES THE DOORBELL! WHO IS IT?
RING
IT'S ME,-JOE! OPEN THE DOOR!
I CAN'T- I'VE GOT MY HANDS FULL!
SO HAVE I! I'VE GOT A BABY IN MY ARMS!
OH A BABY! THAT'S DIFFER-ENT!
A BABY!
I WASN'T KIDDING!
WHERE'D YOU GET THAT FROM?
A LADY ASKED ME TO HOLD HER BABY AND WHEN I TURNED AROUND, SHE DISAPPEARED!
HE'S A CUTE KID, BUT WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO WITH HIM?

BAW! WHAH! WHAH! WAW!
THE FIRST THING WE HAVE TO DO IS TO STOP HIM FROM CRYING! HERE'S A RATTLE THAT WAS TIED TO HIS HAND!
KITCHY KOO! KITCHY KOO! WOOK AT THE PWETTY WATTWE!
JUST THEN AT F.B.I. H'QUARTS
I HAVE JUST THE MAN FOR YOU INSPECTOR McGREGOR!
GOOD! LET'S GO TO HIM NOW!
THIS MAN I HAVE IN MIND IS THE FAMOUS JOE HIGGINS- A MAN WITHOUT NERVES OR FEELINGS -A HARD MAN!
THE HARDER THE BETTER!
HELLO! WHAT'S THIS?
KITCHY KOO! KITCHY KOO! DON'T CRY- BE A GOOD-OH-ER- HELLO CHIEF!
OOPS!
A HARD MAN, EH! SEEMS VERY MATERNAL TO ME!
WHERE'D YOU GET THE CHILD FROM JOE?
NEVER MIND NOW, CHIEF! HERE DUSTY, TAKE H
WHAT'S UP CHIEF?
THIS IS INSPECTOR McGREGOR OF THE CITY POLICE, LET HIM TELL HIS STORY!

YOU MAY HAVE HEARD OF JOHN PETERS. A BRILLIANT YOUNG CHEMIST. VERY RECENTLY HE TURNED OVER A DEADLY NEW EXPLOSIVE. HE HAD PERFECTED, TO THE MILITARY AUTHORITIES. THIS MORNING, PETER'S BODY WAS FOUND IN HIS APARTMENT— MURDERED!
HIS WIFE, WHO HELPED HIM WITH THE EXPERIMENT WAS GONE AS WAS HER BABY... IT... MIGHT HAVE FALLEN INTO THE HANDS OF THE MURDERERS. THEY WILL NO DOUBT TRY TO GET HER TO DISCLOSE THE FORMULA!
I SEE! SUPPOSE WE HAVE A LOOK AT THE BODY!
LEAVING THE CHILD IN DUSTY'S CARE, THE THREE MEN LEAVE FOR THE APARTMENT-
LATER--
CHOKED TO DEATH BY A MAN OF UNUSUAL STRENGTH!
ANY CLUES?
NOT ONE. THIS JOB WAS DONE BY A VERY SLICK OPERATOR!
SAY- IT'S SIX-THIRTY- I WONDER IF DUSTY WILL REMEMBER TO FEED THE CHILD—
EXCUSE ME WHILE I CALL HIM!
A HARD MAN- EH? HA! HA!

BOY, THIS BUSINESS OF BEING A MOTHER IS TOUGH!
RING
CEREAL
HELLO, JOE, YEAH I'M HEATING-THE CEREAL NOW-DON'T WORRY- I'M-
WHA- UGH!
HELLO! HELLO DUSTY!
WHAT'S WRONG?
SOMETHING'S HAPPENED- I'M BEATING IT BACK TO MY APARTMENT PRONTO!
THIS MAY BE A JOB FOR THE SHIELD!
WHILE AT JOE'S APARTMENT-
QUICK! GET THE BABY, FISHFACE.. I HAVE SOME PRESSING BUSINESS WITH THIS BRAT!
UGH- AGHHH
GOT 'IM FIVE BY FIVE!
6

YOU DID AN EXCELLENT JOB TRAILING THE BABY, FISHFACE! EXCELLENT!
YEAH! BUT I AIN'T SO GOOD WIT' BABIES! HOW DO I KEEP DIS ONE FROM BAWLIN' ?
HERE'S A RATTLE FISH-FACE, MAYBE IT'LL SHUT HIM UP!
LOOK FIVE BY FIVE! HE'S SMILIN' IT DID THE TRICK!
GOOD! LET'S GO!
A FEW MINUTES AFTER THEY DEPART DUSTY STIRS - THEN RISES GROGGILY
OH - MY NECK
BOY THAT FAT BABY SURE HAD POWERFUL HANDS! WONDER WHY THEY WANTED THE KID ?
SWIFTLY SLIPPING INTO HIS UNIFORM, DUSTY BECOMES THE BOY DETECTIVE -
I'LL HAVE TO HURRY IF I WANT TO FIND OUT - BUT I'VE GOT TO LET JOE KNOW WHERE I'M GOING SOMEHOW!
I KNOW, I'LL LEAVE A TRAIL WITH THIS CAN OF CEREAL!
CEREAL

THERE THEY GO INTO THAT CAR— I'D BETTER STEP ON IT!
MADE IT!
THERE'S NO SIGN OF DUSTY OR THE KID! WHAT'S THIS ON THE FLOOR?
CEREAL— AND THERE SEEMS TO BE A TRAIL OF IT!
BY GEORGE I GET IT! DUSTY LEFT THIS AS A TRAIL FOR ME TO FOLLOW
GOOD BOY DUSTY! THIS TRAIL SMELLS AS PLAIN AS THE NOSE ON MY FACE
MEANWHILE THE CAR BEARING DUSTY PULLS UP BEFORE AN OLD ABANDONED WAREHOUSE

NOW MRS PETERS I
THINK YOU WILL
GIVE ME THE
INFORMATION I
WANT
MYSELF
BABY
YES MY DEAR ALICE
YOU DO BUT NOT FOR
LONG-LOVELESS-
NO NO
I'LL TELL
IT'S N-
HOLD EVERYTHING
HUH?
WHO-
MY THINGS YOU
FATTY
I'LL MAKE
SURE OF
YOU THIS
TIME YOU
RAT
AAARGH
ST THEY-
MAHOOOO
ADVANCED TO THE MELEE
AND ESCAPE
HURRY TO THE CAR ESCAPE
HE AND FIGHTS AND R
LIVES TO FIGHT ANOTHER
DAY
I'LL MAY
AHEAD OF
YOU SHELD
UP AND AT
EM DUSTY

THEY'RE GETTING AWAY IN THE CAR!
FRIGHTENED BY HIS MOTHER'S SHOUTS, THE CHILD DROPS HIS RATTLE -
WHICH HURTLES TOWARD THE KILLERS CAR -
AS IT STRIKES THE AUTO A TREMENDOUS EXPLOSION OCCURS -
LATER
AND SO INSPECTOR McGREGOR THE CASE IS COMPLETELY CLEARED
I STILL DON'T GET IT, JOE.
IT'S VERY SIMPLE! FIVE BY FIVE KNEW HE COULDN'T GET THE FORMULA HOWEVER A SAMPLE OF THE EXPLOSIVE WOULD BE JUST AS GOOD BUT MRS. PETERS HID THAT BEFORE SHE FLED.
FIVE BY FIVE CAUGHT HER - BUT HE WAS SMART ENOUGH TO KNOW THE ONLY WAY HE COULD GET HER TO TALK WAS THRO[UGH] HER BABY - WHICH BY A STRANGE TWIST OF FATE SHE TURNED OVER TO HIM WHILE FLEEING
- IT ALMOST WORKED EXCEPT THAT DUSTY SPOILED THE SHOW - YOU SEE THE EXPLOSIVE WAS IN THE BABY'S RATTLE ALL THE TIME!
WHAT! AND WE WERE JIGGLING THAT RATTLE ALL OVER THE PLACE. WE COULD HAVE BEEN BLOWN SKY-HIGH!
NO DUSTY IT HAD TO DROP ON SOMETHING TO DETONATE THE CHARGE - THE BABY DID THAT, AND UNKNOWINGLY, AVENGED HIS FATHER'S DEATH

The Black HOOD
MAN OF MYSTERY
WHAT'S WRONG WITH THIS PICTURE? IT COULDN'T HAPPEN IN THIS DAY AND AGE YOU SAY? THEN THE STORY YOU ARE ABOUT TO READ WILL APPEAR FANTASTIC, UNBELIEVABLE EVEN THE BLACK HOOD WOULDN'T HAVE BELIEVED IT—IF IT HADN'T HAPPENED TO HIM!!

NIGHT AND FROM THE FOG SHROUDED WATERS THERE LOOMS THE PROW OF A STRANGE SHIP-
A BOAT IS LOWERED OVERSIDE STRONG ARMS ROW A FLAT BOTTOMED RAFT NOISELESSLY OVER THE DARK
AND MEN IN PIRATE GARB, ARMED TO THE TEETH, SWARM LIKE MONKEYS OVER THE SLOPING SIDES OF A PEACEFUL CRAFT-
QUIET, MEN! WE DON'T WANT TO FRIGHTEN THEM! NOT UNTIL WE'RE READY!
AVAST YE HEATHEN! SLIT THEIR GULLETS, IF NEED BE!
A GOOD NIGHT'S WORK, ME HEARTIES! WE'LL SLEEP ON STACKS OF GOLD WHEN THIS JOB IS DONE! YE CAN TAKE BLACKBEARD'S WORD ON THAT!
NEXT MORNING AT PRECINCT 71-
DAGNABBIT! BLACKBEARD'S MAKING A FOOL OF THE WHOLE POLICE DEPARTMENT! HE'S ROBBED 3 SHIPS ALREADY! WHAT'RE YOU GONNA DO ABOUT IT?
WHY ME? BLACKBEARD ISN'T MY ASSIGNMENT!
STARTING TWO MINUTES AGO, HE IS! I'M PUTTING YOU ON THE WATERFRONT! YOUR ORDERS ARE TO BRING IN BLACKBEARD

THAT NIGHT, KID BURLAND PATROLS A CURIOUS BEAT - IN THE GAME ROOM OF JACKSON CARR'S PALATIAL YACHT RIDING AT ANCHOR IN THE BAY
ENJOYING YOURSELF?
JUST DOING MY JOB, MR CARR' I WON'T INTERFERE WITH YOUR FUN'
JACKSON CARR'S GUESTS HAVE THEIR OWN IDEAS OF 'FUN'
SEE THAT DEVIL JUMP'
HE HOPPED RIGHT PAST MY NUMBER'
AT LAST THE FROG LEAPS INTO ONE OF THE WHIRLING DISKS THERE IS A BLAZE OF ELECTRICITY-
NUMBER FOUR-EIGHT WINS'
AN INTERESTING GAME DON'T YOU THINK? THE FROG IS ELECTROCUTED WHEN HE LANDS ON A NUMBER'
HMM' JACKSON CARR'S FRIENDS ARE WILLING TO TRY ANYTHING FOR A THRILL'
THIS IS MY OWN IDEA! THESE PIRANHA FISH WILL TEAR EACH OTHER LIMB FROM LIMB' WOULD YOU CARE TO PLACE A BET?
NO THANKS'
SAY' THAT SHIP'S OFFICER LOOKS FAMILIAR'
I'LL SWEAR HE WAS HOOK MARTIN' WANTED BY THE POLICE OF A DOZEN STATES' I'LL FIND OUT WHAT HE'S DOING ABOARD THIS YACHT'

SECONDS LATER....
I JUST DROPPED IN FOR A TALK!
THE BLACK HOOD!
BUT I CAN SEE YOU'RE IN NO MOOD FOR TALKING!
OWWW!
I'M ALWAYS WILLING TO OBLIGE!
YOU BOYS CAN FIGHT THIS OUT TOGETHER!
I'LL JUST ADD A FINISHING TOUCH!
OHHH!
YOU CALL THAT A TOUCH!
OHHHH!
PAINFUL MINUTES LATER-
THEY'VE GONE! I'LL TELL JACKSON CARR HE'S HIRED A CREW OF CRIMINALS! THEY WON'T GET OFF THE SHIP!

LOCKED IN!
MAYBE I CAN SQUEEZE THROUGH HERE!
SQUIRMING AND TWISTING, THE AGILE BLACK HOOD WORKS HIS LEGS THROUGH THE PORTHOLE-
IF I CAN ONLY HOOK MY LEGS IN THAT LEDGE ABOVE!
WHEW! NOW COMES THE HARDEST PART!
MADE IT! BUT IT WAS TOO CLOSE FOR COMFORT!
EVEN AS THE BLACK HOOD REGAINS THE DECK, A MOTLEY PIRATE CREW SWARM OVER THE PORT SIDE-
LAY TO, MEN! THERE'S PLENTY OF LOOT FOR US ALL!
BLACKBEARD AND HIS PIRATE CREW ARE STRIKING-

DON'T BE SHY! GIVE WILLINGLY.. OR WE'LL TAKE IT FROM YOU WITH A SWORD'S EDGE FROM YOUR THROATS!
THEN A CAPED FIGURE CRASHES INTO THE GAME SALON—
I HOPE I'M INTERRUPTING SOMETHING!
SORRY! BUT I DON'T GET THE POINT!
YOU GET THIS?
YE ROGUES! DON'T LET HIM ESCAPE!
WHO SAID I WAS TRYING TO ESCAPE!
YEOWWW!
HALP! GET ME OFF THIS WHEEL! I'M DIZZY!

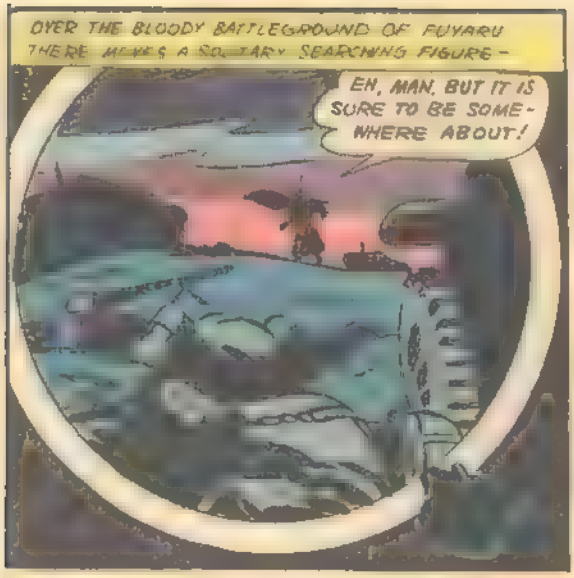
BLACKBEARD FIGHTS BACK LIKE A SAVAGE ANIMAL—
I'LL TEACH YOU NOT TO MEDDLE WITH ME!
MY EYES!
MOMENTARILY BLINDED, THE BLACK HOOD FALLS VICTIM TO A VICIOUS THRUST—
HA-HA! YOU ASKED FOR IT!
LATER THE BLACK HOOD WAKENS TO FIND A NEW PERIL—
A FIT DEATH FOR AN ENEMY OF BLACK-BEARD! YE'LL WALK THE PLANK TO YOUR DOOM!
PLEASANT DREAMS HA HA HA!
DOWN THROUGH THE COLD GREEN DEPTHS THE BLACK HOOD PLUNGES TOWARD THE OCEAN BOTTOM—
A DESPERATE RACE AGAINST TIME WHILE BREATH BURSTS IN HIS LUNGS, AND THE TERRIBLE PRESSURE HOLDS HIS BODY IN A VISE-LIKE GRIP
CAN'T LAST LONG GOT TO FREE MY HANDS!
THE ROPES LOOSER! I'VE GOT TO HURRY!

AT LAST! NOW TO GET RID OF THESE WEIGHTS!
THE LONG FIGHT UPWARD BEGINS -
FRESH AIR! IT CERTAINLY SMELLS GOOD!
MEANWHILE
WE'LL BE LEAVING NOW! IF ANY MAN JACK O YOU STICKS OUT HIS HEAD UNTIL WE'RE CLEAR AWAY I'LL CHOP IT OFF WITH MY SABRE EDGE! YOU UNDERSTAND ME!
THANK YE ALL FOR A PLEASANT EVENING! AND A GOOD NIGHT TO YOU FROM BLACK BEARD! HA HA HA!
BLACK BEARD MUST HAVE GONE! I DON'T SEE HIS SHIP ANYWHERE!
IT WAS A NEAT HAUL TONIGHT! I'LL BET THOSE FOOLS ARE STILL AFRAID TO LEAVE THE GAMING ROOM
WELL, I'LL BE! HOOK MARTIN AND HIS GANG ARE THE PIRATES!

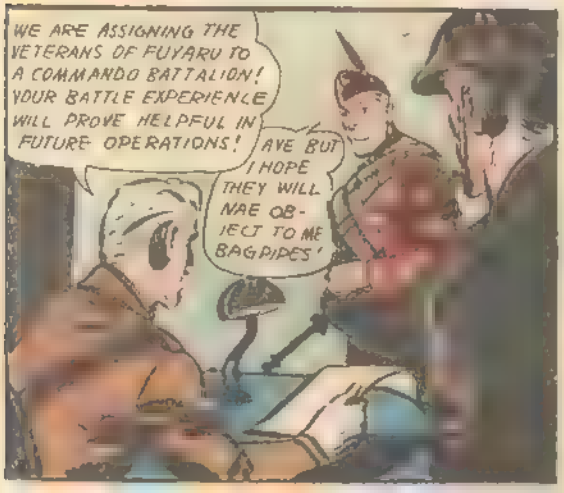
&@!*&@!
THE BLACK HOOD! GRAB HIM!
DON'T BE IN SUCH A HURRY!
I'LL FIX THE HOOD! HE WON'T LEAVE THIS ROOM!
I'LL TAKE THE KEYS TO THE DOOR!
UGHHH!
THAT DOES IT! HOOK MARTIN AND HIS PIRATES WILL STAY IN THERE UNTIL I COME BACK FOR THEM
LET ME OUT!
A SKELETON KEY ADMITS THE HOOD TO THE SUPPLY ROOM
PIRATE COSTUMES! THAT FLAG WITH IT'S SKULL AND CROSS BONES! NOW I UNDERSTAND!
SO YOU KNOW MY SECRET! BUT IT WILL DIE WITH YOU!
BLACK BEARD!
A QUICK LEAP AND THE BLACK HOOD SNATCHES A WEAPON
WE'LL FIGHT ON EVEN TERMS!

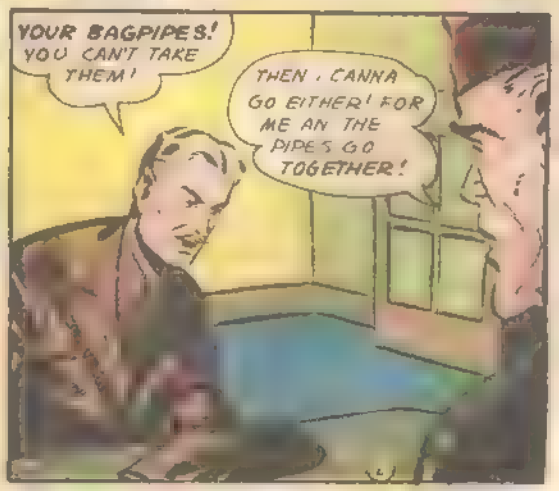
YOU DEVIL! I'M NO MATCH FOR YOU!
BUT YOU'LL NEVER GET ME!
THE MAD DUEL
I'LL KILL YOU!
SECOND LATER
JACKSON CARR! YOUR HOST WAS BLACKBEARD HIMSELF! HE PRETENDED TO ROB HIS OWN SHIP!
WHY WHY HE'S
LATER AT PRECINCT 11
JACKSON CARR SPENT ALL HIS MONEY HUNTING THRILLS HE WENT BROKE AND TURNED TO CRIME AS AN EXCITING WAY OF RECOUPING HIS FORTUNE!
YEAH BUT WHAT ABOUT THE BLACK HOOD?
MSIKE HE WUZ INVOLVED IN T 'OMEHOW KID' I WENT YO TO
BRING HIM IN!
THAT'S AN ORDER
I'LL TRY MY BEST

CAPTAIN COMMANDO and the BOY SOLDIERS
COMMUNIQUE # 17
TO ALL COMMANDO UNITS. IN THE ACTION ON ARUNDO, FOLLOW THE SOUND OF SANDY MACGOWN'S BAGPIPES. THEY WILL BE LEADING THE WAY TO VICTORY. ..
Captain Commando
BY CLEMI


OVER THE BLOODY BATTLEGROUND OF FUYARU THERE MOVES A SOLITARY SEARCHING FIGURE -
EH, MAN, BUT IT IS SURE TO BE SOMEWHERE ABOUT!

So SANDY MACGOWN AND HIS BAGPIPE WERE REUNITED, ONA BATTLEFIELD STREWN WITH SCOTTISH DEAD. FOR THE ACTION AT FUYARU WAS HARD AND COSTLY, AND FEW WERE LEFT TO CELEBRATE THE VICTORY -


WE ARE ASSIGNING THE VETERANS OF FUYARU TO A COMMANDO BATTALION! YOUR BATTLE EXPERIENCE WILL PROVE HELPFUL IN FUTURE OPERATIONS!
AYE BUT I HOPE THEY WILL NAE OBJECT TO ME BAGPIPES!



AFTER TWO HOURS OF FRUITLESS ARGUMENT...
VERY WELL! YOU CAN TAKE YOUR BAGPIPES! BUT I'VE NO IDEA WHAT THE COMMANDOS WILL THINK!
I AM SURE THEY ARE MOST REASONABLE MEN! AN' IT WILL BE A PLEASURE TO KNOW THEM!
SEVERAL DAYS LATER- A SHIPS' DOCK-
WHAT ARE WE DOING HERE, CAPTAIN?
WAITING FOR SOMEONE! AND HERE COMES NOW!
HEY! YOU DON'T MEAN DAT GUY IN SKOITS!
SANDY MACGOWN IS HIS NAME! AND THOSE KILTS ARE THE REGULAR SCOTTISH UNIFORM!
GLAD TO HAVE YOU WITH US MACGOWN!
BEGORRA! AN' IT'S GLAD I AM TO BE HERE!
SKOITS! AND A GUY WHAT NEVER LOINED TO TALK ENGLISH WIT' OUT AN ACCENT! WHAT'S GONNA HAPPEN NEXT?
THE ANSWER TO BROOKLYN'S QUESTION IS SOON FORTHCOMING THAT NIGHT, THE PEACE AND QUIET OF THE SLEEPING CAMP IS RUDELY INTERRUPTED-
E-E-E-E
CRIPES! WHAT'S COMING OFF AROUND HERE? I NEVER HOID SUCH NOISE IN ALL ME LIFE!
I RECOG-NIZE EET! EET IS THE SOUND OF BAGPIPES!
3

EET EES OUR NEW FRIEND MR MACGOWN PLAYING!
DAT GUY AIN'T NO FRIEND OF MINE! HE'S BUSTIN' ME EAR-DRUMS!
WAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO?
I'M GONNA FIX DEM PIPES SO DEY CAN'T MAKE NO NOISE! DAT GUY IS SABOTAGIN' ME MORALE!
WITH THE CATLIKE SILENCE OF A COMMANDO, BROOKLYN MAKES HIS WAY TOWARD MACGOWN'S TENT-
HE STOPPED BLOWIN'! DAT MEANS HE'S ASLEEP!
HERE'S ME CHANCE!
YEEOW
SO! YOU WERE TRYING TO STEAL MY PIPES, EH LAD?
LEGGO OF ME!
YOU'RE A HARD LAD! I'LL TAKE A MITE O' SPANKIN' TO SET YOU STRAIGHT ABOUT THINGS LIKE STEALIN'!

PAINFUL MINUTES LATER BROOKLYN RETURNS TO HIS TENT-
DEED YOU FEEX HIS BAGPIPE SO IT WEEL NOT PLAY ?
SHADDUP'
DON'T NEVER MENTION NO BAGPIPES TO ME! YE UNNERSTAN'?
EES SOMETHEENG HURTING YOU?
OOOOH
BUT MORNING BRINGS NEW TOLERANCE TO BROOKLYN'S SOUL AND RELIEF TO ANOTHER PORTION OF HIS ANATOMY-
HOOT AWDO! ME PIPES AND I WILL BE READY!
NAH! AN DON'T AST ME WHY I'M SLEEPIN ON ME STOMACH EITHER! DAT'S JUST CUZ I LIKE IT, SEE?
OUI! EEF YOU SAY SO BROOKLYN!
WE'RE MOVING ON ARUNDA MEN! OUR JOB IS TO SECURE THE BEACH SO THE MARINES AND OTHER REGULAR ARMY UNITS CAN MOVE IN!
IS IT NECESSARY TO TAKE THE BAGPIPE TOO, MACGOWN?
I'VE ME OWN REASONS SIR! I PROMISE YE THERE WILL BE NARY A PEEP OUT OF THEM UNTIL THE TIME COMES!
ALL RIGHT THEN! THIS WON'T BE A PUSHOVER! THE JAPS WILL DEFEND ARUNDA TO THE LAST MAN WE LEAVE AT MIDNIGHT! UNTIL THEN GOOD LUCK
PROMPTLY TO THE APPOINTED HOUR THE LANDING BARGES BEGIN AN EXPEDITION INTO PERIL CARRYING THE GRIM COMMANDOS TO AN UNKNOWN FATE
5

WE SHOULD BE NEAR TO THE BEACH!
I DON'T LIKE IT THE JAPS ARE A VERY SORT AND THEY HAVE SEEN US 'ERE THIS!

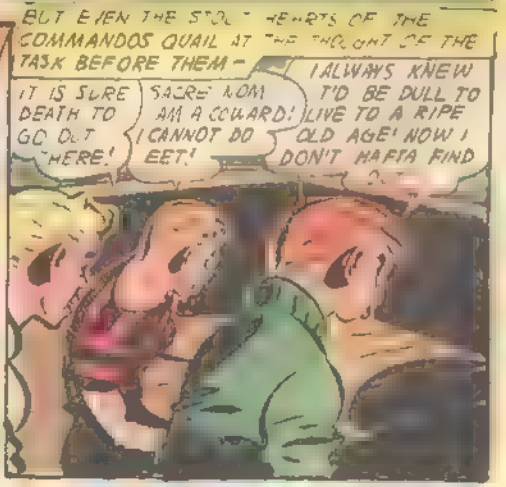
NO SIGN OF ANY CRAFT ABOUT!
THEY'RE HERE WE MAY LAY TO THAT!

WE'LL HAVE TO RISK IT! COME ON MEN!

HARDLY ARE ALL THE COMMANDOS ASHORE WHEN A WITHERING CROSSFIRE

THE DIVES ARE LYIN BEHIND THE KNOLL!
WE'RE TRAPPED! BACK TO THE BOATS!

FROM THE SCRUB SHELTER OFFERED BY THE LANDING BARGES THE COMMANDOS MAKE WHAT RIFLE AGAINST CORE-
WE CAN'T LAST LONG AT THIS RATE! WE'VE GOT TO CHARGE THOSE GUNS!


BUT EVEN THE STOUT HEARTS OF THE COMMANDOS QUAIL AT THE THOUGHT OF THE TASK BEFORE THEM -
IT IS SURE DEATH TO GO OUT THERE!
SACRE NOM AM A COWARD! I CANNOT DO EET!
I ALWAYS KNEW I'D BE DULL TO LIVE TO A RIPE OLD AGE! NOW I DON'T HAFTA FIND

AND WHILE THE COMMANDOS HESITATE, A LONE FIGURE STRIDES BOLDLY OUT OF CONCEALMENT-
MACGOWN! COME BACK HERE, YOU FOOL!
COME ON, YOU JAP! MACGOWN IS SHOWING US THE WAY!
UP THE STEEP SLOPE IN THE FACE OF MURDEROUS FIRE, THE COMMANDOS BLAST THEIR WAY FORWARD-
DOWN INTO THE JAP MACHINE GUN NESTS WITH GLEAMING BAYONET-
AIEEE
HERE'S A LITTLE PINEAPPLE TO ADD TO YOUR DIET!
BOOM
AFTER SWIFT DEADLY SECONDS OF MERCILESS FIRE-
WE'VE WON THE BEACH! WHERE IS MACGOWN?
THERE 'E IS, CAP!

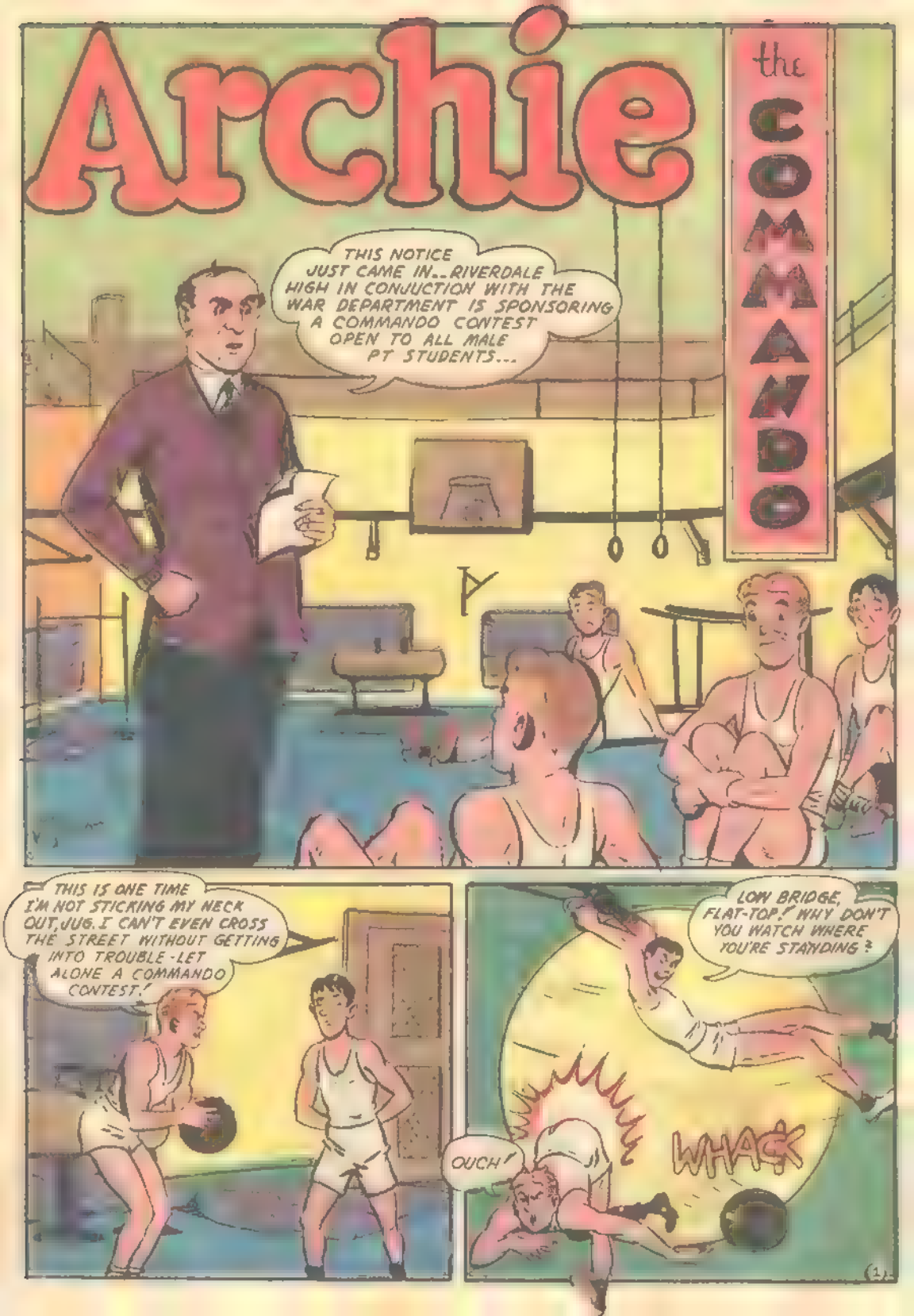
YOU'RE BADLY HURT!
'TIS NO MATTER ABOUT ME! BUT I COULD HAE WISHED TO LIVE LONGER TO PLAY THE PIPES.. FOR THE SCOTS WHO DIED AT FUVARU

THAT DAY THE AMERICAN SHOCK TROOPS SWEEP ON TO A SMASHING TRIUMPH ON THE BLOODY ATOLL OF ARUNDA—

HE'S GONE! SO THAT'S WHY HE BROUGHT HIS BAGPIPES! HE WANTED HIS OLD BRIGADE TO SHARE IN THE LAST VICTORY!
ONLY HE NEVER LIVED TO PLAY DEIR SONG!

AND THE WHEEZY STRAINS OF A BAGPIPE PLAY THE SCOTTISH HYMNOF VICTORY AS WELL AS NEXPERT HANDS CAN MANAGE!

LATER BESIDE AN OPEN GRAVE- YOU CARRIED THE BAGPIPE WITH YOU IN LIFE SANDY! IT BELONGS TO YOU IN DEATH!


Archie
the COMMANDO
THIS NOTICE JUST CAME IN...RIVERDALE HIGH IN CONJUCTION WITH THE WAR DEPARTMENT IS SPONSORING A COMMANDO CONTEST OPEN TO ALL MALE PT STUDENTS...
THIS IS ONE TIME I'M NOT STICKING MY NECK OUT, JUG. I CAN'T EVEN CROSS THE STREET WITHOUT GETTING INTO TROUBLE - LET ALONE A COMMANDO CONTEST!
LOW BRIDGE, FLAT-TOP! WHY DON'T YOU WATCH WHERE YOU'RE STANDING?
WHACK
OUCH!

REGGIE MANTLE YOU SNAKE IN THE GRASS!! YOU PURPOSELY DID THAT!! @*!@
SOME DAY I'M GOING TO FLATTEN THAT GUY, ARCH SO HELP ME!
YOU'RE JUST A BAG OF WIND!! I BET YOU'RE TOO SCARED TO ENTER THAT COMMANDO CONTEST!
LISTEN, REGGIE!! YOU NOR ANYONE ELSE CAN MAKE ME ENTER THAT CONTEST!! BESIDES I'M TOO BUSY!
BOY, THEY'RE SURE SERIOUS ABOUT THAT CONTEST, ARCH MAYBE YOU OUGHTA..
I SAID NO, JUG - AND THAT'S THAT C'MON, LET'S EAT I'M HUNGRY!
GOSH! THE LINE HAS NEVER BEEN AS LONG AS THIS BEFORE!!
HEY, JERRY! WHAT'S HOLDING THIS LINE? I'M STARVED!!
HOLD YOUR HORSES! IT'LL BE OVER BEFORE YOU KNOW IT!
WHAT DID HE MEAN BY THAT CRACK?!
2

NAME ?
DO YOU HAVE TO GIVE YOUR NAME NOW FOR A HAM SANDWICH ?
R
WE CAN DO WITHOUT THE CLOWNING! WHAT'S YOUR NAME ?!
ER.. ARCHIE ANDREWS..
ALL RIGHT, ANDREWS, REPORT AT JOHNSON'S MEADOW NEXT WEEK FOR THE COMMANDO CONTEST.!!
C-C-COMMANDO CONTEST ?!
GULP!
JUGHEAD JONES!
R
CRASH!
NEXT WEEK
WELL WELL!! IF IT ISN'T OL' PINHEAD HIMSELF!! SO YOU CHANGED YOUR MIND! GOOD LUCK! YOU'LL NEED IT!!
3
1
ATTENTION! THESE ARE YOUR INSTR... YOU WILL FO... LANES DURI... WHICH YOU WILL OVERCOME THE VARIOUS OBSTACLES YOU'LL MEET! THE FIRST ONE IN IS THE WINNER!!

THEY'RE OFF!
WHAT'S HOLDING YOU? C'MON!!
HAVE A NICE TRIP! HAW! AIN'T I FUNNY!!
HELP!
SKWUSH
DARN THAT REGGIE! I'LL GET HIM YET!
YOU LOOK BETTER ALREADY! THAT MUD BATH DID WONDERS FOR YOU!

UGH! THIS ISN'T EASY AS I THOUGHT!! UGH!! UMPH!
I CAN'T MAKE IT!! IF I COULD GET A BOOST! SAY THAT POLE!!
BOY! TALK ABOUT COMMANDO TRICKS. REGGIE SHOULD SEE THIS ONE!
HALP!
WHAT TH.. THAT SOUNDS LIKE ARCHIE'S VOICE..
WHAT'RE YOU DOING UP THERE ARCH?
STOP TALKING! AND GET ME DOWN!!
later...
WHEW!! LUCKY ONLY JUGHEAD HEARD ME..HEY...THIS LOOKS EASY.. JUST ROW ACROSS!
9

UGH! WHAT'S HOLDING THIS TUB BACK? UGH!!
YIPE!! I FORGOT TO UNDO THE MOORING ROPE!!
THIS IS GOING TO BE GOOD!! I'LL JUST POINT THIS THE OTHER WAY!! WON'T ARCHIE BE SURPRISED!!
IT WORKED!
BOY! THEY'RE SURE MAKING THESE OBSTACLES DIFFUCULT!! I'M PRACTICALLY A MOUNTAIN CLIMBER!
HEY!

HELP!!
ONE HOUR LATER-
YOW! I'M BEGINNING TO WONDER IF I'M GOING IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION!!
ULP...WHAT NOW? WELL, I GUESS I'M SUPPOSED TO CRAWL THROUGH THOSE PIPES OR OR THEY WOULDN'T BE HERE!
OOOO...MY BACK! THEY MUST BE TRAINING US TO CRAWL TO CHINA IT'S PRACTICALLY THE SAME DISTANCE!
MOO!!
WHAT'S THAT!

IT'S A BULL! HELP! HELP! SAVE ME!!
MADE IT!! ULP.. WHAT'S THAT ??
RIP
MY PANTS ARE RIPPED! I CAN'T GO BACK THIS WAY! HMM... THAT SCARECROW..
IT'S A LOOSE FIT BUT IT'LL DO..
GULP-THE FARMER'S COMING I BETTER HIDE!
DAGNABBIT! THOSE CROWS ARE HERE AGAIN!! THAT SCARECROW DON'T SEEM TO DO ANY GOOD!!

I'LL FINISH 'EM FOR GOOD THIS TIME!
BANG BANG
YEOW!
THAT WAS CLOSE! BUT HOW DO I GET BACK TO LANE 4?
THERE'S THE MIDTOWN BUS!! HEY!! STOP!! HOLD IT!
GEE.. THE WAY THEY STARE AT ME YOU'D THINK I WAS OUT OF THIS WORLD..
SAY, I CAME FROM THIS DIRECTION.. SOMEBODY MUST HAVE TURNED THIS ARROW AROUND---
THIS EXPLAINS EVERYTHING.. AND I THINK I KNOW WHO DID IT - REGGIE, THE RAT! I'LL TURN IT BACK TO THE RIGHT DIRECTION!
LANE 4

MEANWHILE, WHAT OF REGGIE
WHEW...THEY CERTAINLY MADE THIS A LONG LANE-HOLY MACKEREL...LANE 4 AGAIN. I MUST'VE BEEN WALKING IN CIRCLES!
LANE 4
I SWITCHED THIS ARROW AROUND, SO I'LL GO IN THE OPPOSITE DIRECTION...OF COURSE! BOY, DID I MAKE SUCKERS OUT OF THE REST OF THE CROWD!
LANE 4
...AND SO ARCHIE RESUMES THE COMMANDO RACE - COMPLETELY ALONE, FOR EVERY OTHER CONTESTANT WAS FOOLED BY REGGIE'S TRICK-INCLUDING REGGIE HIMSELF.
I MADE IT! I WIN!!
THAT EVE..
IT WAS IN THE BAG ALL THE TIME, VERONICA. I COULDN'T LOSE!
ARCHIE, YOU'RE WONDERFUL! YOU DESERVE SOMETHING FOR THIS!
BUY WAR BONDS
AND HE'S GONNA GET IT! HEAR THAT? HE COULDN'T LOSE! I KNEW HE WAS THE GUY WHO CHANGED THAT MARKER!
I SHOULD'VE BROUGHT THE CRANK HANDLE AFTER ALL OF THIS SMALL